DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

VOLUME XXIII. No. 13. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, JUNE 29, 1888. 30 CTS. per An. Post-Paid.

THE LONGEST DAY

We can remember a certain midsummer night in Sutherland, when two friends went out together among the bracken and the heather, with the object of paying a kindly visit to an aged woman who lived in a solitary hut, and enjoyed, or rather suffered, the unenviable reputation of being a witch. On their homeward way they were to call at the house of another friend to exchange some of those useful little tokens of neighborliness and good will which are apt to pass among temporary sojourners in out-of-the-way places. There seemed no reason for haste—

"The sun above the mountain's head
A freshening lustre mellow
Through all the long green fields had spread,
His first sweet evening yellow."

They turned aside to search for dainty fern or rare wild flower, or to pick their way through the bog and gather the wild cotton which always grew so temptingly in the wettest places. They did *not* tear themselves with any undue haste from the old Highland woman, whose life, passed in awful solitude—with no companion save an idiot son and a black dog—had not quenched the fire of her eyes nor silenced the eloquence of her tongue. And then they sauntered home, talking over many things and lifting up their eyes to the hills, and watching the landscape growing richer rather than darker, and quite unaware of the real progress of time, till the friend, waiting at her gate for their promised coming, greeted them with the bantering welcome, "Well, ladies, do you pay afternoon calls at nearly eleven o'clock at night?" an enquiry which roused them to the true state of things, and sent them hurrying home to read their evening psalm and partake of their evening meal in a sweet twilight which had in it almost as much of dawn as of sunset!

Is not such an evening as that, passing only from beauty to beauty by insensible gradation, a fit and lovely type of a long and blessed life, such as might be far more common than it is, if the world would only set itself into the service of that Master who delights to keep his best things to the last?

The poets have always had an eye for the glory of old age. Solomon lays the true foundation of its reverence and grace in his declaration—

"The hoary head is a crown of beauty
When it is found in the way of righteousness."

Shakespeare has told us that its rightful accompaniments are, "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends;" while Edmund Waller has sung, in most melodious numbers, which always have a special pathos for us, because we once found them copied in the tremulous handwriting of one who has just realized their truth, before he crossed "the threshold," that

"The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er;
So calm are we when passions are no more;
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things too certain to be lost;
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age descries.
The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made
Stronger by weakness, wiser, men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home;
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view
That stand upon the threshold of the new."

The Hebrew prophets found the figures of "the old men and the old women, with their staves in their hands for very age," as prominent in their visions of peace and prosperity as those of "the boys and girls playing in the streets;" and nobody can realize the force and beauty of this touch so well as they can who have dwelt in rough, new communities, whose ways of life are unfit and impossible for any but the hale and strong. In the ideal household there must be a dear grannie knitting beside the fire, as well as a sweet baby sleeping in the cradle.

How interesting and valuable old people often are, and always might be! For them the past is still living, and they can make it live for us. The writer remembers, in early youth, sitting entranced by the conversation of an aged lady, whose girlhood had passed in the sedan-chair period, who had danced a Highland reel with Lord Clyde when he was a boy, and who had personal reminiscences of the Luddite riots, and of Queen Caroline's trial. A lively old lady she was, retaining a quite uncommon share of the vivacity—almost of the *diablerie*—of youth, and perhaps a little prone to obey Solomon's injunction "to answer fools according to their folly!" But nobody could grudge her the little weapons of repartee which had perhaps served her many good turns in the long and hard struggle of a woman, gently born and bred, with dire loneliness and poverty. For while she kept up some visiting acquaintance with noble and powerful houses, in which her birth had made her an equal, she secretly lived in one room over a dairy at Kensington, and repelled an ignorant landlady's insolent familiarity by the judicious display of rare old lace and a Turkey rug? Her available means could not have exceeded five-and-twenty pounds a year, and by the days of her old age money was worth little more than it is now. Yet her tiny figure was always presentable, and though there might be scarcely an inch of her lace without a darn, or a yard of her black silk which was not riddled by minute holes, and though the parasol on which she leaned would not bear to be unfurled, yet she looked always as she was—a lady. A brave, pathetic little figure in such a world as this is! And with her lively eyes and snowy hair she would have

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made a striking picture in a gallery of studies of old age.

And why should there not be such a gallery? It would have a far deeper and wider interest than any gallery of mere Court beauties, or even of Victoria-Cross heroes. For the patriarchs who "have still remembered how to smile" are the conquerors in that hardest struggle of all—the conflict in which we must each win or lose—the battle of life. Ruskin tells all visitors to the National Gallery to go and look at an exquisite portrait of a certain aged Doge, and to ask themselves what must the life have been which resulted in that aspect of calm penetration, mild benevolence, and spiritual refinement, the flesh seeming only required to make the beautiful soul visible to human eyes. A great writer of to-day has said that the beauty of youth is but a heritage, of which *it may or may not* prove worthy. But the beauty of age *is its own*. Yet when we see a noble old man or a lovely old lady we are apt to whisper, "What must they have been when they were young?" It is a fallacy. Perhaps they were plain until their faces became a record of high thoughts and gentle deeds. Sometimes, when portraits exist, taken in youth, it is possible to verify this absolutely.

Old age is the sum total of human life. It reveals whether youth has been active and honest, observant of eye, and keen of sympathy. The old age of an indolent, apathetic person has but the value of an old blank book—that probably its binding was strong! The aged have seen the end of many life-stories; they can read personal histories from generation to generation, and from the pedestal of the past they gather power to foresee the future, and to utter the warnings of wisdom. Such an one was given forth by an energetic old lady in the words, "Take care what you wish, my dear; beware of your very prayers. For from all I have seen wishes always come true, and prayers are generally granted."

The one shadow often cast on a good old age is a sense of uselessness. The fading eyes fill with slow tears to feel that the failing feet can no longer run on errands of mercy, that the feeble hands can render no more loving-service, sometimes that the faltering tongue can scarcely find the words or guidance it seeks to utter. But the best action of a good old age is actually its peaceful and cheerful rest. We do not want the old folks to do, but to be. Surely it is the very will of God that his servants, who have borne the burden and heat of the longest day, should rest a while in green pastures before they are called to service in another sphere. Life should scarcely be like those cruel taskmasters who will not spare the worn-out horse till it drops down dead in the shafts.

But there are old men or old women left, well cared for, perhaps, but unconvinced by any kind little attentions that they are not a burden or a trial, but a blessing and an honor. It is as much our duty to bear cheerily with the weariness and weakness of age as with the helplessness or fretfulness of infancy. Such duty should not be allowed to present itself as a trial, but as a part of the wholesome and harmonious discipline of life. Nobody is so pathetically grateful for kindness as are the old; yet are they sometimes neglected by those who are full of solicitude for the sick, the stranger, or the sorrowful. And yet to be merely old is really to deserve the sympathy which is extended to all these claims. The physical life of even the healthiest old age is never a pure pleasure. "The grasshopper" is always more or less of "a burden." Long hours of inaction will sometimes grow wearisome, even to the mind most full of brave resource. Those dearest to the heart are gone out of its sight, the friends of to-day are not the friends of its days of strength and labor, of passionate love, and fervent aspiration. There is no loneliness like that of the aged. Every old man lives on his own Patmos. The thoughts of the old are not as our thoughts. Their happiest early life is in the remembrance of a world we never knew. We sit by their side, we hold their hand, and look into their eyes, but their minds are filled by images unknown to us, and their hearts thrill with feelings into which we cannot enter. As we advance in middle life we know something of it, and every year will teach us more. It is a touching picture, that of a young full life standing by the side of a fading life, which must perforce keep its own secret, despite every yearning confidence.

We can never show the old a greater kindness than by showing any sign that the vanished past is still cherished on the earth, if not for its own sake, then for theirs. There comes a time of life and experience when the mere remembrance of one's birthday by a friend seems the best pledge that it may have "many happy returns." Let us be careful of such matters. Let us love the aged as much as ever they will let us. Even those of them who cannot be said to have borne the burden and heat of the day, have at least been through them; and it is not for those who are putting on their armor to judge too harshly of those who are putting it off.

Those saddest days may come at last, when the mind totters on it throne, and reason gradually withdraws from the mechanism she can no longer use. Even there a rare triumph is reserved for some, as for one dear old friend who, when she heard her grandchildren's eager discussions on ethics and politics, and detected glances which seemed seeking her opinion, would say, "Ah, my dears, I don't feel quite equal to following that into all its ins and outs, so I won't venture to say anything about it." In her case the soul gleamed triumphant apart from decay, simply declining to use the tools which could no longer do real work. She must indeed have been a right-minded and impartial woman all her days, to have attained such knowledge of our ever-shifting "personal equation."

"Be the day weary, or be the day long,
At length it ringeth to evensong."

The twilight must come at last. The mourners shall go about the streets in the end, even for the oldest of us. The burden of the flesh shall be laid down. The old man or the old woman shall rise up and go out, leaving the empty place behind them. And then they shall find the Past in the Future, and the wisdom, and tenderness, and patience learned in their quiet waiting shall be the blood, and the strength, and the beauty of their immortal youth.

"With long life will I satisfy him," and—then—"show him my salvation."—*English Paper.*

WILLING.

A king whose state was marvellous for splendor,
Whose royal city shone
Gorgeous with every grandeur that could render
Due honor to his throne,—

Had kept his son from court for sterner training,
Through disciplines profound.
The better so to perfect him for reigning
What time he should be crowned.

And now the day was set for his returning
From that far province where
Had passed his nonage; and the king was yearning
To hail the expectant heir.

So a proud embassage was missioned, bearing
Word that, probation done,
The monarch, who for years had been preparing
Fit empire for his son,

At length desired that he should take possession
Of his full birthright dower—
The honor, glory, good beyond expression,
Withheld until that hour.

What said the banished? Did ecstatic pleasure
Give to his spirit wings
Whose eagerness, in overmastering measure,
Outscared the waiting king's?

Nay—when they told the message of *the father*,
There was a startled pause
A strange, reluctant look, as though he rather
Would linger where he was.

Yet since the embassage was urgent, stilling
Whatever secret throe
It cost to leave his exile he was "willing,"
Half-sad, he said, "to go."

Ungracious heart!—to wound with hesitation
Such love!—to hear the call
Homeward, without one rapturous exultation—
"Willing," and that was all!

—*Margaret J. Preston.*

He Who Steals a little steals with the same wish as he who steals much, but with less power.—*Plato, B. C.* 427.

We Can Never see this world in its true light unless we consider our life in it as a state of discipline, a condition through which we are passing to prepare us for another state beyond.—*J. W. Alexander.*

THE MOURNING GARB.

"The worst feature of the custom is the burden it puts upon the poor. They cannot afford to break over the custom, for they do not set the fashions, but follow them. So they deny themselves the comforts, and often the necessaries of life, to put on black. Only the well-to-do can lift this load from the shoulders of their fellows. Let the leaders of society once set an example in this matter, and the thing would be done. We do not argue for the entire abolition of mourning emblems. The black band which a gentleman wears on his hat is inexpensive, detracts nothing from comfort, and is evidence to all who see him that he has lately lost a friend. Why cannot ladies adopt something as simple as this hat-band, some trifling but unmistakable addition to the ordinary dress? It would serve all purposes of protection as well as the costly and uncomfortable mourning wardrobe now in vogue. It would abviate the false and often absurd graduation of the scale of sorrow now advertised by the garments. It would enable the poor to do as others do—in cases of bereavement surely a commendable pride—without hardship to the household and injury to the character."—*Presbyterian Observer.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON III.—JULY 15.

GOD'S PRESENCE PROMISED.—Ex. 33: 12-23.

Commit Verses 12-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.—Matt. 28: 20.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God is ever with his children the guide and guard.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Ex. 32: 30-35.
T. Ex. 33: 1-11.
W. Ex. 33: 12-23.
Th. Ex. 34: 1-14.
F. John 1: 1-18.
Sa. 2 Cor. 12: 1-9.
Su. Rev. 1: 7-18.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

12. *Whom thou wilt send:* whether some angel, or whether his own presence. 13. *Show me now thy way:* thy plans and purposes. What thou proposest to do with the people. Wilt thou forgive? Wilt thou lead us on? What is the meaning of the tabernacle, the offerings, the ceremonials? *This nation is thy people:* although they have sinned, thou hast led them out; thou hast redeemed them by wondrous works; thou hast chosen them. 14. *My presence:* in the pillar of cloud and fire; not a mere angel, as in v. 2. *I will give thee rest:* I will bring your work to a successful issue. Rest of victory over enemies; rest in the promised land; rest of a successful work, and all the way, rest in this promise. 16. *So shall we be separated:* distinguished from all others by God's presence, by God's care and protection, by God's word and laws, a higher and nobler people. 18. *Show me thy glory:* more of thy real nature and power. 19. *My goodness pass before thee:* goodness is the chief glory of God. He is as good as he is great. *Proclaim the name:* the nature and character. *Gracious to whom I will be gracious:* all I do is out of pure goodness. But God always wills according to justice, love, and wisdom. There is nothing arbitrary or unreasonable in his decisions. 20. *No man see me and live:* (1) No man while living in the body has the power to see me, or (2), to see him in his glory would be fatal,—as looking at the sun destroys the eyes, or intense emotion destroys life. 23. *See my back parts:* his veiled and clouded glory; not his face, the uncovered brightness of his nature.

SUBJECT: THE LORD OF GLORY OUR GUIDE AND GUARD.

QUESTIONS.

I. The Great Evil and Danger into which the Israelites had Fallen.—What was the punishment of their sin? (32: 27.) What further did God threaten? (32: 33.) What great change in God's dealing with the people? (33: 2, 3.) In what way had God hitherto led them? (13: 21, 22.) What position did the pillar of God's presence now take? (33: 7-9.) What marks of sorrow were required of the Israelites? (33: 4, 5.)

II. Moses' Prayer for the Presence of the Lord (vs. 12, 13).—What was Moses' first petition? (v. 12.) What did he wish to know? What was his plea? What was his next petition? (v. 13.) What did he mean by "show me thy way?" What promise like this did Jesus make to his disciples? (John 15: 15.) What was his third request? (v. 13.) Had he not already found grace in God's sight? Can we have too much of this? How may we have grace in God's sight? (Eph. 2: 13; Heb. 4: 16; Ps. 42: 1; 2 Chron. 15: 2.)

III. The Answer; God his Guard and Guide (v. 14-17.—What did God promise Moses? (v. 14.) What was the outward symbol of God's presence? (13: 21, 22.) Why did they need such a guard and guide? How would God's presence separate them from other people?

Why do you need the Lord for your guide? Repeat some Scripture promises in relation to this? (2 Chron. 16: 9; Ps. 50: 15; 91: 1; 37: 23, 24; Isa. 4: 5, 6.) Is there anything better in life than God's presence? How may we have this presence ever with us? Can we safely go through life without him?

IV. The Glorious Nature of our Guard and Guide (vs 18-23.)—What greater blessing did Moses now ask of God? Could it be answered in full? (v. 20: 1 Tim. 6: 15, 16.) How was it answered? (v. 19, 22, 23.) What do you learn from this about answers to prayer? Is God's goodness his glory? What advantage would it be to Moses to see God? In whom do we see God? (John 1: 14, 18; 14: 9; Col. 1: 13-15.) How can we see more of his glory? (Matt. 5: 8; John 14: 16-18.) What good will this do us? (2 Cor. 3: 18; 1 John 3: 2.)

LESSON IV.—JULY 22.

FREE GIFTS FOR THE TABERNACLE.—Ex. 35: 20-29.

Commit Verses 21-22.

GOLDEN TEXT.

God loveth a cheerful giver.—2 Cor. 9: 7.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

It is a great privilege to give freely for God's cause.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Ex. 34: 1-35.
T. Ex. 35: 1-19.
W. Ex. 35: 20-25.
Th. 2 Cor. 9: 1-15.
F. Neh. 4: 17-23; 7: 70-72.
Sa. 1 Chron. 29: 1-17.
Su. 1 Tim. 6: 6-21.

Time.—Autumn, B.C. 1491.

Place.—The Valley of Rahab, before Mount Sinai.

Introduction.—In our last lesson God answered Moses' Prayer for the continued presence of God with the people, and *have* shown Moses his glory. After this, Moses was again summoned up into the mount, whither he went, with two new tables of stone, on which God would again write the commandments. Moses remained forty days in the mount. On returning he called upon the people for free-will offerings, with which to construct the tabernacle and its furniture; and they gave abundantly. It is estimated that the tabernacle and its furniture cost about a million and a quarter dollars.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

20. *And all the congregation departed:* from the great assembly to which Moses had summoned them, repeating the Sabbath law and asking for contributions for the tabernacle, stating what things would be needed. 21. *Whose heart stirred him up:* the heart is the centre and source of liberality. Giving is of little account without the heart. *The tabernacle:* a costly and beautiful tent for the manifestation of God's presence and as a centre of worship. It is described in chaps. 25-28. See next lesson. 22. *Tablets:* armlets. 23. *Blue*, etc.: the colored yarns or cloth of wool or of linen dyed with these costly colors. *Red skins:* skins tanned and dyed red. *Badgers' skins:* seal skins, made into leather. 24. *Shittim wood:* acacia, a thorny tree, like our hawthorn, only larger; a close-grained wood, of orange color. No other kind of wood was used for the tabernacle. 25. *Wise-hearted:* skilled, and devoted to God. *Fine Linen:* a special manufacture of Egypt, where it was so fine as sometimes to be worth its weight in gold. 27. *Onyx stone:* the stone out of which cameos are cut, being formed of different colored layers. There were two of these upon the ephod. *Ephod:* the special overdress of the high priest. *Breastplate:* a small costly garment of the high priest, on which twelve precious stones were placed, to represent the twelve tribes.

SUBJECT: FREE-HEARTED GIVING FOR THE LORD'S WORK.

QUESTIONS.

I. The Great Work to be Done (v. 20.)—What did Moses do on his descent from the mount? (35: 1.) What duty and privilege did he impress upon them? (35: 1-19.) For what object did he summon them to give? What was the purpose of the tabernacle? Was it to be very costly? Why?

What great work has God for us to do? (Mark 16: 15; Matt. 5: 13, 14; Eph. 2: 21, 22.) Is this object worth self-denial on our parts and liberal giving?

II. The Cheerful Givers for the Accomplishing of this Work (vs. 21, 22.)—What kind of people brought gifts? Is this the only true kind of giving? Had all the people a part in this giving? In looking over the gifts, which would you think that the women gave, and which the men? What are some of the women called? (vs. 25, 26.)

What are some of the motives which should lead us to give? How much should we give? What can children give. To what objects should they give? Should they earn what they give? What are some of the Bible words about giving? (Eccl. 11: 1; Matt. 10: 8; Acts 20: 35; 1 Tim. 6: 15-19; Mal. 3: 10; 2 Cor. 9: 6, 7.)

III. The Free Gifts (vs. 22-29).—What were some of the things given? How did each one know what to give? Who gave work? Who gave skill? (See also vs. 30-35.) What four things did the rulers give? What is said of the abundance of the gifts? (36: 5, 6.) Is there need of every kind of gift we have? Is there any blessing on the selfish and illiberal?

LESSON CALENDAR.

(Third Quarter, 1888.)

1. July 1.—God's Covenant with Israel.—Ex. 24: 1-12.
2. July 8.—The Golden Calf.—Ex. 32: 15-26.
3. **July 15.—God's Presence Promised.—Ex. 33: 12-23.**
4. **July 22.—Free Gifts for the Tabernacle.—Ex. 35: 20-29.**
5. July 29.—The Tabernacle.—Ex. 40: 1-16.
6. Aug. 5.—The Burnt Offering.—Lev. 1: 1-9.
7. Aug. 12.—The Day of Atonement.—Lev. 16: 1-16.
8. Aug 19.—The feast of Tabernacles.—Lev. 23: 33-44.
9. Aug. 26.—The Pillar of Cloud and of Fire.—Num. 9: 15-23.
10. Sept. 2.—The Spies sent into Canaan.—Num. 13: 17-33.
11. Sept. 9.—The Unbelief of the People.—Num. 14: 1-10.
12. Sept. 16.—The Smitten Rock.—Num. 20: 1-13
13. Sept. 23.—Death and Burial of Moses.—Deut. 31: 1-12.
14. Sept. 30.—Review, Temperance, Deut. 21: 18-21, and Missions.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

WHAT THEY BOTH THOUGHT.

It was twenty-five minutes past seven. The buggy was at the door to take him to the train. His hand was on the knob. "Good-by," he called out. There came from somewhere upstairs, through the half-opened door, a feminine voice, "Good-by," then he had gone out into the glad spring air, odorous with the foretokens of coming life, and musical with the songs of the nest-builders. But there was no song in his heart, no spring hope in his life, as he took the reins out of his groom's hand and spoke to his impatient horse a sharp "Get on!" And as he rode through the royal avenue that led up to his house, this is what he thought:

"If I had been a guest, Martha would have been up and dressed. She would have had a spray of fresh flowers at my plate. She would have sat at the table and seen that my coffee was good, and my eggs hot and my toast browned. And I should have had at least a parting shake of the hand, and a hope expressed that I would come back again. But I am only her husband!"

And this is what she thought as she put the last touches to her hair before her glass, and tried hard to keep the tears back from her eyes before she went down to see that the family breakfast was ready:

"I wonder if Hugh really cares anything for me any more. When we were first married he never would have gone off in this way with a careless 'Good-by' tossed up stairs. He would have found time to run up and kiss me good-by, and tell me that he missed me at his breakfast, and ask if I were sick. He is a perfect gentleman to everyone but his wife. I believe he is tired of me. Well, well, I mustn't think such things as these. Perhaps he does love me after all. But—but—it is coming to be hard to believe it."

And so with a heavy heart she went to her work. And the April sun laughed in at the open windows, and the birds chirped cheer to her all day, and the flowers waved their most graceful beckonings to her in vain; all for want of that farewell kiss.

Oh! husbands and wives, will you never learn that love often dies of slightest wounds; that the husband owes no such thoughtful courtesy to any other person as he owes his wife; that the wife owes no such attentive consideration to any guest as she owes to her husband; that life is made up of little things, and that ofttimes a little neglect is a harder burden for love to bear that an open and flagrant wrong?—*Christian Union.*

FRIED FOODS.

BY MARION HARLAND.

What the spit is to the English cook, and the *bain marie* to the French, the frying-pan is to the American. The reasons for the preference we display for this mode of cookery are neither various nor many. It is the easiest way of making ready raw material or "left-overs" for the table. The steady, slow simmer that from toughness brings forth tenderness; the steaming, roasting, boiling—to perfect which attention must be paid to degrees of heat, to basting and turning—require skill and time. Our middle-class women are overladen with work, and ambitious to accomplish what they consider as higher things than cookery. What can be hurried up is "put through" in what Americans (and no other people) call "less than no time." The frying-pan makes short work in unrighteousness of whatever is cast into its gaping maw. The housewife—with no conception of the valuable truth that cooking of the right sort will take care of itself, if once put properly in train, while she is busy with other matters—delays setting about it until the margin of time is reduced to a minimum. With this class and with most hired cooks frying is misconducted, thus:

The pan is set on an uncovered hole of the range, an uncertain quantity of fat—lard, dripping, or butter—is slapped into it, and an immediate fizzing signifies to the operator's apprehension that it is ready for business. She meditates, will we say, fish-balls for breakfast, the old, New England prototype of the modern croquette. The balls have been hastily moulded and rolled in flour. She puts as many as the pan will hold into the shallow bath and lets them splutter and smoke, until she "guesses" the lower side is done, turns them over and waits again; removes them with a case-turner to a dish, and pronounces them cooked. They are flattened on both sides, ring-streaked and speckled from the burnt grease, and as unctuous at heart as on the reeking surface.

Griddle-cakes should not be fried at all, but baked on a soap-stone griddle, if your cook will keep one intact. If an iron surface, rub it lightly while hot with a bit of salt pork. The cakes should be as dry on the outside as muffins when taken off. For real frying, have plenty of fat, heated gradually to the boiling-point. Drop in a bit of bread or dough to test it. If it sinks for a few seconds, then rises to the top and begins almost directly to color, you may risk whatever may be the subject-matter in hand. Put in a few articles at a time, turning them but once, and when of the right shade of brown take them up directly with a split spoon or strainer, then shake and lay in a heated colander to get rid of clinging drops of fat. Potatoes thus treated will not oil the napkin on which they are laid. Fish-balls, croquettes, chops, cutlets, sweetbreads, etc., must be rolled in egg, then in crushed cracker, before immersion. The whole croquette family should be moulded hours before they are cooked, that, by stiffening, they may the better resist the soaking grease. Mush hominy and fish must be coated thickly with flour. The object of this and of the egg and cracker process, is to form at the instant of the plunge a crust impervious to the fat, which is the unwholesome element in fried foods. Properly treated, the interior of a fried fish-ball or doughnut is no more indigestible than if it had been baked, provided it is taken from the oleaginous bath as soon as it is done, and shaken free from fat.

To sum up the stages of the operation:

1. Prepare the substance to be fried by moulding, or trimming, or (as with oysters) drying for the grease-proof coating, and apply this before the pan goes on the fire.

2. Heat enough lard, or butter, or dripping, or oil, to float the objects, and slip them in gently the moment it boils and has been tested, as directed.

3. Keep the heat steady rather than fierce.

4. Take up promptly, shaking and draining off the grease.

5. Serve soon and hot.—*Journal of Reconstructives.*

ON DISHWASHING.

BY ROSE GILLETTE.

It is a fallacious idea that "anybody" can wash dishes, for there are plenty of domestics who have not yet learned the first principles of the art, as many a young bride has found to her sorrow, when her pretty glass and china were broken or nicked, and she found her maid of all work to be not even cleanly in the operation.

After having looked on and studied the process of dish-washing, and noted its results in hotels, restaurants and private houses innumerable, wherever it could be done conveniently or with impunity, and after trying various ways at home, this method is given as a final result of our investigations as that we think the best way of dish-washing.

If meals are served in courses, let there be a large dresser or table where the dishes are set on being removed from the table in a somewhat orderly manner, but without any special piling up. After the meal is over the dining-room should be cleared of all traces of eating, brushed and dusted, if needful, and left while the attention is turned to the dish-washing proper. First gather all the glassware, and be very careful not to pile it up so as to break any article. If a long table is used this is placed at the right side, back. Next all the silverware is placed in the row; then the finer china cups and saucers, plates, etc.; next the knives, and lastly the vegetable and meat dishes. All are cleared of food, which must be put away at once in its proper receptacle.

A large pan of very hot water, in which the soap shaker has been used is brought, together with two dish cloths, a mop and a linen one. Another pan with a large pitcher of hot water and several dish towels, the latter being hung on a rack near.

If the glass is milky a basin of cold water is needed to first rinse it in. It can be put into the hot water, and washed piece by piece, and handled with great care to prevent breakage. In dipping each piece into the water its introduction must be gradual to heat the glass slowly and prevent its breaking. It should be washed with the mop, and placed piece by piece in the pan to be rinsed. Rinse in clean water, dry at once, and put away if there is little room, with much room they can wait until all the dishes are ready to be put away. And go on in this manner to the end of the piles, scouring the knives and rewashing before rinsing, and using the cloth for the larger articles. If the dishes are in large quantity more than one pan of water will very likely be used.

This method of drying directly out of hot water takes more dish towels, but is much preferable to draining dry on account of the superior cleanliness and polish of the dishes. Drained dishes are apt to be a little moist and sticky.

No dish cloths or mops used about the dining-room should ever get into the kitchen, nor should the dish towels; they ought to be thoroughly rinsed after use, and hung to dry.

The kitchen utensils ought to be piled in order of size and coarseness, and washed with equal care with larger mop and dish cloth and coarser towels to dry them on, an iron-linked dish cloth being very good for the pots and kettles. All tins and granite and iron-ware should be dried by the stove before putting away.

If a bright girl will learn to wash dishes well after a dozen lessons, the mistress may consider herself fortunate, or if the young mistress finds herself forgetting nothing, and doing her dishes orderly, thoroughly and after the same method continually, after a good many day's practice she may congratulate herself, for there is usually a strong temptation to slip and slide into careless habits of dish-washing. The hints appended belong to the department of "A Thousand Hints for the Housekeeper."

Put plenty of soft water to heat while the meal is being eaten.

Have a soap-shaker.

Have mops, dish cloths, dish towels, coarse and fine, in abundance; also an iron dish cloth. Scrape all dishes, rinse if needful before washing. A very little ammonia in the water improves the appearance of glass and silver.

Silver is cleaned by rubbing in whiting with a chamois skin or an old tooth brush, and rinsing in ammonia and water.—*Christian at Work.*

THE BOY AS AN ESCORT.—It is a good plan for mother and sister to depend, as it were, on the boy as an escort. Let him help her in and out of the car. Let him have his little purse and pay her fare. Let him carry some of the bundles. He will be delighted to do these things, and feel proud that she can depend on him. A boy likes to be thought manly, and in no better way can he show his manliness than by taking his father's place as escort of mother or sister. All parents and members of the family are proud of a courteous boy, and there is no reason why any boy can not become one if proper attention is paid to his training. If his mind is turned into this channel when young, there will be a great deal he will learn of his own accord by observation.—*Boston Budget.*

TRAIN THE BOYS.—The simple matter of a boy's being trained to be orderly may seem of very slight moment in determining the happiness or unhappiness of his future home, but at least every housewife with a careless husband will appreciate its importance in practical living. A lad accustomed to have his sisters or the servants pick up whatever he chooses to leave about, will come some day to be a constant vexation to the tidy soul of his spouse, when he might almost as easily have been taught to aid rather than to destroy the neatness and order of his home. The mother who allows her son always to consider his own interests, and never to feel that the comfort and wishes of those about him are his affair, is preparing a husband who will some day render miserable, through sheer thoughtlessness, any sensitive woman who links her destiny with his.

IT SHOULD be a rule among grown-up persons never to subject children to mental shock and unnecessary griefs. When in the surroundings of the child-life some grave calamity has occurred, it is best to make the event as light as possible to the child, and certainly to avoid thrilling it with sights and details which stir it to the utmost, and in the end only leave upon the mind and heart incurable wounds and oppressions. Children should not be taken to funerals, nor to sights that cause a sense of fear and dread combined with great grief, nor to sights which call forth pain and agony in man or in the lower animals. —*Selected.*

RECIPES.

EGG TOAST.—For six or eight slices of bread (may be stale), beat one egg, add half pint milk or water and a pinch of salt. Dip the slices of bread in this and fry a nice brown. Serve with butter. Delicious.

STEWED TOMATOES:—Peel and slice tomatoes and place in a stewpan, *adding a little salt, pepper, butter and some bread or cracker crumbs.* Stew about half an hour. A little cream and sugar may be added just before serving, if liked.

DIP TOAST FOR BREAKFAST.—Cut the bread into slices a quarter of an inch thick; trim off the crust and put the slices in an even oven on a tin pan to brown. When well and evenly browned take out and dip the edges quickly into very hot water; butter and serve at once.

GENUINE BOSTON BROWN BREAD.—Three cups sour milk, two cups corn meal (heaping), two cups Graham or rye meal, two-thirds cups molasses, one and one-half teaspoons soda, one teaspoon salt. Mix thoroughly and steam three hours. Brown in the oven.

HOME MADE BAKING POWDER.—Twelve teaspoons carbonate of soda, twenty-four teaspoons cream tartar. *Sift together several times* and cork tightly. Use a teaspoonful to a quart of flour. Procure the ingredients of the best quality of a reliable druggist. Much cheaper than the ordinary baking powder.

WARMED OVER BREAKFAST.—DAINTY AND GOOD.—Two teacups of beef or veal, chopped fine, one teacupful of stale bread broken into bits and soaked in enough fresh milk to cover; add to the latter one well beaten egg. Mix with the meat, season with salt, pepper and celery salt or a few drops of onion juice. Butter a small oval dish and bake until brown, then turn upon a platter and garnish with bits of lemon and parsley

POISONED WATER.—Every house-keeper should be aware that the supply pipes that convey the water into the house hydrants are made of lead. The water that stands in these pipes all night is not fit to drink; not fit certainly to use in cooking, and not even fit to wash with. Let it be a general rule that the spigots in every house should run for a few minutes each morning early to clear the pipes, and one cause of chronic lead poisoning in the system will be removed. Just draw off the water long enough to make sure that the supply is coming direct from the iron pipes in the street, and you will be entirely safe.

PUZZLES.—NO. 14.

A FOREST.

What's the frightful tree, the willing tree,
The trees that are cheerful and sad:
The lightest tree, the luscious tree,
The tree that is warmly clad?

What's the dentist's care, the sweetest tree,
The nourishing tree, and the tree for a lunch;
The adhesive tree, the respectable tree,
And the tree boys delight to punch?

What's the coldest tree, the dancing tree,
The trees that are words of command;
The busiest tree, the sourest tree,
And the trees that are in demand?

What's the timely tree, the schoolboy's dread,
The tree that is neat and trim;
The strongest tree, the mason's tree,
And the trees used by painters prim?

What's the tree that might shake your hand,
The springy tree, the tree nearest the sea;
Now the decorated tree, the joiner's tree,
Still tell me where ships may be?

Then there's the upright tree, and the slippery tree,
And the tree that's grey, sorrel, and bay;
The tree to kiss, the spiny tree,
The tree that is fatal to stay?

The useful tree, the canine tree,
The tree that in jewellery one sees;
There's the tree that daily fastens,
Tell me their names, if you please?

There's a tree that belongs to the aged,
Perhaps a musician can claim it fair;
Then the greasy tree, the yielding tree,
And the tree of which to beware.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. At first an apparition meets my gaze;
2. A Greek word, like first, with ghostly ways;
3. French, meaning disposition, spirit shown;
4. Belong inside some beasts and have no bone.
5. Advanced till perfect fitness is matured.
6. In sacrificial robes, an honored steward;
7. Affliction, sufferings and punishment.

Clearly define and show what word is meant.

A CURIOUS WORD.

What curious word is this I've found,
Which means to give a deadly wound.
Behead, a piece of lace will then appear;
Again, 'tis now a month in Jewish year.
Once more behead it and you'll see
An insect busy as can be.
Reverse the whole word now, and lo!
Some things, half bird, half beast, 'twill show;
Or else they are fragments from a wall,
Or something used to stop a ball.
So many hints should guide you well
Just what this word may be to tell.

The Family Circle.

NONE BUT GOD.

Is thy cruse of comfort wasting? Rise and share
it with another,
And through all the years of famine it shall serve
thee and thy brother;
Love Divine will fill thy store-house, or thy hand-
ful still renew:
Scanty fare for one will often make a royal feast
for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving; all its wealth
is living grain:
Seeds which mildew in the garner, scattered, fill
with gold the plain.
Is thy burden hard and heavy? Do thy steps
drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden; God will bear
both it and thee.

Numb and weary on the mountains, would'st thou
sleep amidst the snow?
Chafe that frozen form beside thee, and together
both shall glow.
Art thou stricken in life's battle? Many wounded
round thee moan;
Lavish on their wounds thy balsams, and that
balm shall heal thine own.

Is thy heart a well left empty? None
but God its void can fill;
Nothing but a ceaseless fountain can
its ceaseless longing still.
Is thy heart a living power? Self-
entwined its strength sinks low;
It can only live in loving, and by
serving, love will grow.

THE USE OF IT.

(Mrs. Harriet A. Cheever, in Wide Awake.)

Ben Low turned petulantly away with a familiar question: "Well, I say, Old Scruples, what's the use? S'pose it'll ever pay, being so awfully cons'entious?"

"Time'll tell," said Joe cheerily, and beginning to whistle to keep up heart as they all turned away.

Joe remembered that his father had said he wished whoever went next to the blacksmith's would take the hatchet and have an edge put to it. He took it from the tool-chest, then unpacked his basket, making a smaller parcel containing a good lunch, and having been duly petted and pitied by motherly Mrs. Merriman, and telling her he might not return for several hours, he soon started off, riding Black Harry carefully, that the graceful creature might not grow lame from travelling too rapidly without a shoe.

Now and then he thought with a twinge of regret of his lost holiday sport, but after a long, hot ride over the country roads and through quite a stretch of woods, he at last reached the blacksmith's where it seemed as if every fine horse for miles around was waiting his turn to be shod.

The day would have been a trying one but for the fact that Joe, being an enterprising, intelligent lad, fond of seeing what was going on and learning something new if possible, became interested in watching the men at their work. He liked to see the fiery sparks fly from the forge; liked to see the grinding wheel go swiftly round gradually sharpening the dull edge; and there was not a little diversion in listening to the remarks and opinions of the different ones who had a horse to be shod or an axe to be ground.

At four o'clock in the afternoon Joe started for home thinking he would go around by the railway.

One topic of conversation at the smithy's that day attracted his attention more than any other, and had impressed him unpleasantly. Considerable had been said about the ponderously long train which was to bring the doctors home, leaving them at different towns all along the county, and how the time and signals had been arranged with great accuracy to give the excursion train ample time to avoid the regular express.

"Wall, I s'pose Benjamin Low ought to know what he's 'bout," said a burly countryman, "but I tell you it's resky business, this switchin' an' signallin' great crowded trains. Wants a man o' stiddy habits and clear brains to keep his wits about him, and not make any mistakes, I tell you!"

There was a general concurrence in the man's views, and Joe noted the fact with an uneasy sensation. It seemed there must be a lurking suspicion or knowledge of possible unfaithfulness on past occasions regarding Ben Low's father, yet he must have been considered trustworthy to be left with such great responsibility.

The switch-tender's little station was still two miles farther away from home; but mounted on Black Harry firmly shod, and impatient after standing still so long, it was the merest run.

So with the nicely sharpened hatchet across his lap sped Joe, and in a very short time he came unexpectedly upon the switch-tender himself lying flat by the side of the station in a heavy sleep.

In vain Joe shouted and called. The man could not or would not awaken. Joe grew cold with a strange anxiety and apprehension. The place was so very lonely; he had passed but a single habitation during his two miles' ride, and that about midway, fully a mile back. It would be hard work summoning aid. Hastily slipping from Black Harry's back, he secured him, then grasping Mr. Low by the shoulder he shook him as vigorously as he could.

The sleeper roused himself a little and gazed stupidly at Joe's face.

"Is the switch all right?" called Joe.

"You—fix—switch," he mumbled.

"I say!" Joe called again, "wake up, Mr. Low, wake up, I tell you! Two loaded trains are coming along in half an hour! Are the switches attended to, and the signals all right?"

"You—see—sig'alls." Then the poor drunken man fell flat again overcome by the fatal drowsiness.

Joe realized the exact situation and set his sharp boy's wits to work. He himself was ignorant of switches and signals. There was not a moment to lose; he must stop that incoming train But how?

For three precious minutes he thought intently, then exclaimed excitedly, "Yes, I have it!" Springing into the saddle he put Black Harry to his utmost speed.

A mile ahead, still following the track, was a high knoll; if only he could gain that point and rig up some kind of a signal, he might warn them in time, his precious father among the rest—he must do it!

He reached the spot, again fastened Black Harry, then climbed wrist over wrist the first low-branched tree he came to, firmly grasping the hatchet in one hand.

"Luckiest thing in creation I happened to have this hatchet along," he said aloud, as he began chopping off a long, firm branch.

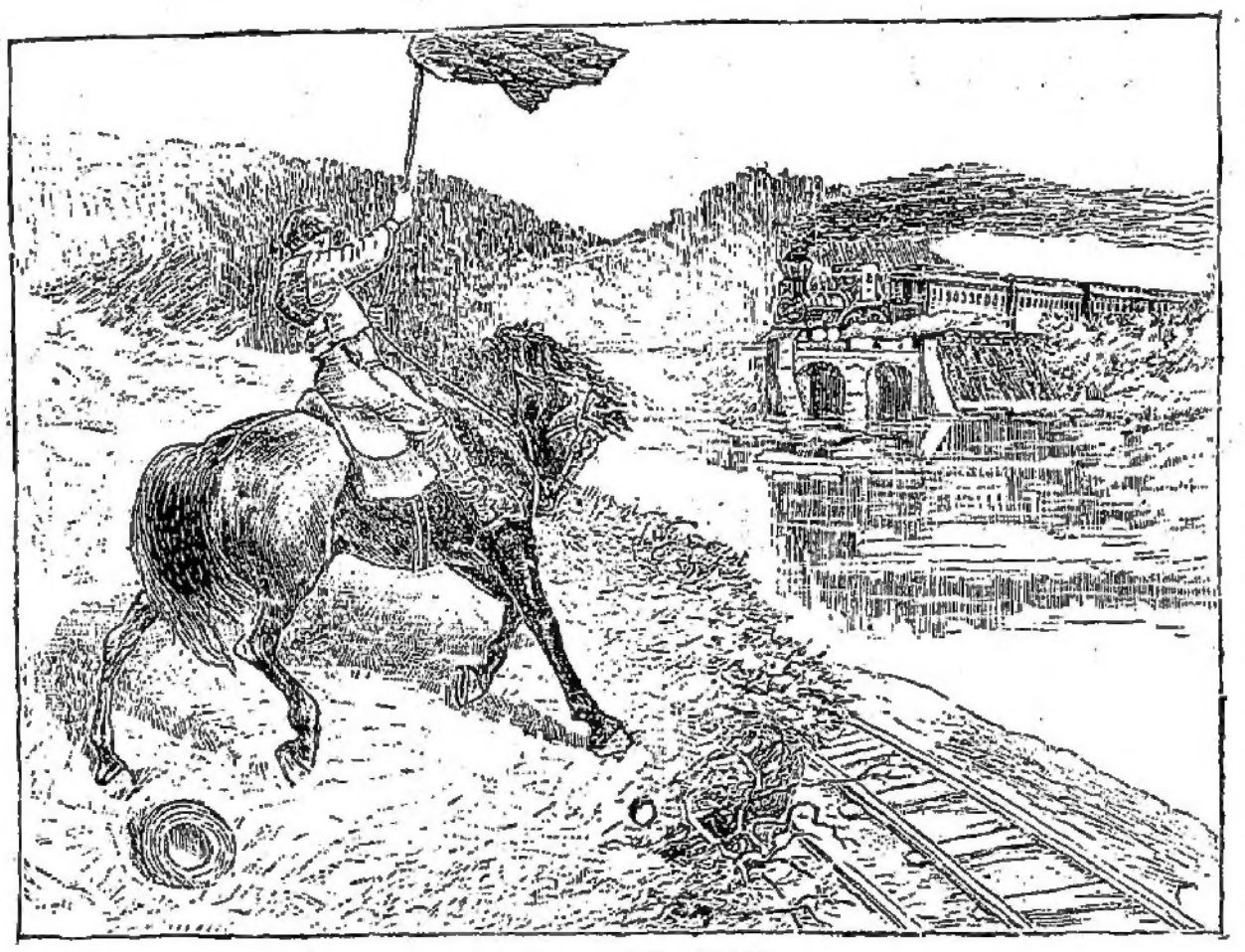
It was dexterously done and hatchet and branch were dropped to the ground just as the excursion train whistled at the next station beyond. In five or six minutes more she would pass the spot where Joe was waiting.

Would they see him if he remained on the ground? No; he must mount Black Harry, holding him with one hand, and his signal in the other, then trust to his horsemanship and skill in coaxing and commanding to control the mettlesome animal when the train should come thundering around.

Tearing off his checked blouse, he tied it firmly with his handkerchief to the end of the long, willowy pole, and mounting Black Harry he waved his signal aloft as the train came with a swoop and a roar around the curve, only quarter of a mile distant.

Black Harry plunged and reared, but obeyed astonishingly the peremptory voice of his young master, as the rushing thing came on. In his excitement as the train swept by, Joe not only waved his signal wildly, but shouted at the top of his strong young voice:

"Stop! Oh stop! For Heaven's sake, stop, I say!" Then he heard the sharp alarum whistle, saw the brakesman hastily twisting the metals, and still waving his signal high in air, he raced after the slackening train.



JOE FLAGS THE TRAIN.

An hour later, when the danger was past, but fully realized, the grateful passengers from both rescued trains were forcing upon Joe's acceptance a generous gift hastily collected, the spontaneous expression of the boy's pluck and of their thankfulness; but his father held him back.

The doctor's shrewd eyes were decidedly moist as he asked for the third time in his dry, characteristic way, viewing the purse as if it were a natural curiosity:

"But what could he do with it—a lad like him who has a father?"

"Do with it?" roared a wealthy farmer from up country, who in company with his son a young physician, had attended the convention: "do with it? Why, man alive! let him buy peanuts with it if there is nothing else he wants more, but don't say a fellow sha'n't give a little thank-offering for the savin' o' his life and only son's, let alone there bein' several scores of us alive and whole, as might a-been crushed to atoms, but for this young hero o' yourn!"

The speech, so loud at first, ended in a tremble.

"Might as well give in, doctor, for this once," said another old gentleman; "we couldn't rest in our beds to-night if the boy were unrewarded." And the doctor had to give in, because the people would have their way; and they went off leaving their gift in Joe's hands.

That night, after recounting the events of the day to his father, Joe added: "I suppose I can use some of my present for a bicycle, can't I?"

"No, my son," said Dr. Benner, laying his hand on Joe's knee, "no, my boy, the bank will be the best place for that at present. I hardly approved that way of rewarding a simple act of humanity, but not wishing to wound the feelings of any one waved my own inclinations in the matter. But I shall buy you a bicycle myself in a day or two, because I think—well—I think, my boy, all things considered, you have earned one. You lost your holiday sport, but saved your honor as to trustworthiness!"

Then he added with his occasional startling energy: "But I want to tell you one thing, my child, Benjamin Low was once before found sleeping at his post. It was a long time ago, and people began to feel assured he would not be guilty of like infidelity a second time. But if in your youth you yield to temptation of that kind, I doubt if in your manhood you are either loyal to duty, or possess so much as a thimbleful of pluck. And I don't believe a son of yours would own a bicycle half a hand high—remember that, my boy!

"And as to the use of faithfulness in little things: Well, if you had let Black Harry go without his shoe and risked disappointing me to-morrow, it is doubtful whether you and father would be talking safely and contentedly with each other to-night as we are doing—extremely doubtful, Joe."

HOLD IN.

Hold in your temper! Keep it under control. Like a spirited horse, it may prove a strong force to help you along when discouraged; but, like such a horse, it may become unmanageable and run away with you. Then you can not tell what may be the result. Hold it in.

Hold in your tongue! It is a useful member, and may prove a blessing, but allowed to run wild will ruin you, and not you alone. Be careful that it never gets control of you; never allow another to control it. Do not say what you are unwilling to utter, no matter who may request, if such words be improper.

Hold in your thoughts! Evil deeds start with the thoughts. Thoughts are so quiet that we seldom suspect their power until they have gained control of us. Watch; hold them in control; and as soon as evil arises there, stop it at once. Thoughts are like horses that will run away; they must never be allowed to be without a master.—*Forward.*

WHEN YOU STUDY, STUDY.

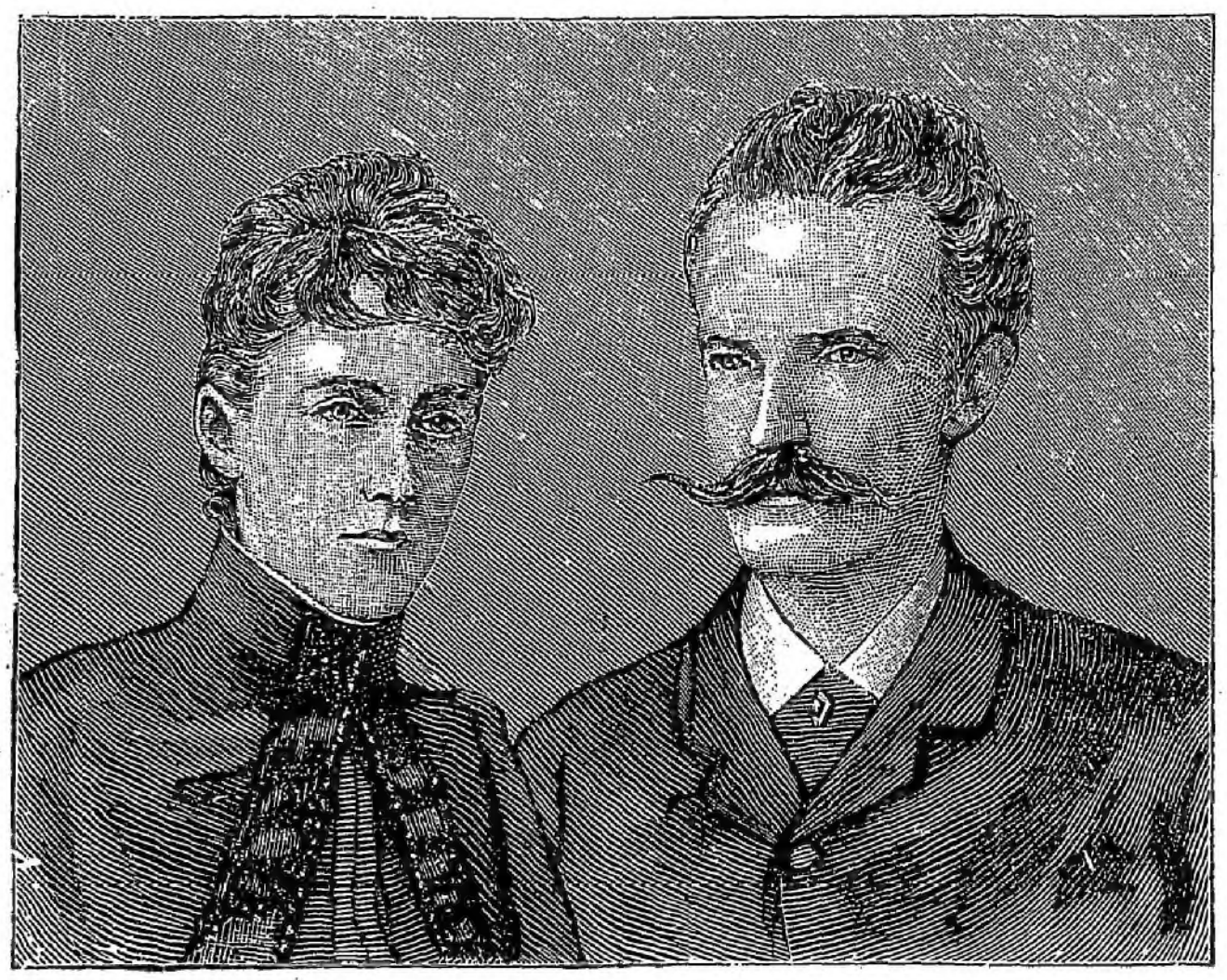
Lord Macaulay, the celebrated historian, was a great student, and when he studied, he studied. He used to get up at five o'clock, and study till nine or ten. He got so that he could read Latin and Greek right off hand the same as you can this. He had the power of putting his whole mind on his book. Many people put part of their mind on their work and the rest on something else. But all this is wrong. Play when you play and when you study, study. In study all the faculties are needed; reason, to judge of what you read; memory to recollect it, and so with all the rest. Macaulay became one of the most distinguished writers of his time, and it was mainly by dint of this early habit of his, putting his entire mind at the disposal of the work before him. All can not study alike, but we can all be deeply in earnest in whatever it is that we do, and only downright earnestness will cause us to succed in life.

A MAN who is not liberal with what he has, does but deceive himself when he thinks he would be liberal if he had more. —*W. S. Plumer.*

A PRINCELY OCULIST AND HIS WIFE.

If all princes were like these, says a contemporary, the nations would call them blessed. Prince Carl Theodor, impelled by the love of humanity, no less than that of science, has made himself one of the most skilful oculists of the day, and seconded by his noble wife, who is a true help-mate to him, employs his time in going about doing good. He belongs to the ancient princely line of the Palatinate, Deux-Ponts and Birkenfeld, his father being Duke Maximilian of Bavaria, and his mother the daughter of the former King of Bavaria, Maximilian I. One of his sisters is Elizabeth, the Empress of Austria; the others are married to the Prince of Thurn and Taxis; Francis II., ex-King of the Two Sicilies; the Prince of the Two Sicilies; and the Duke of Alencon. He was born August 19, 1839, and is now the head of his house, his elder brother having renounced the right of succession in his favor. He was married in 1865 to the Princess Sophie, the daughter of the King of Saxony, who died two years after. In 1874 he married his present wife, Maria Josepha, Duchess of Braganza, and Infanta of Portugal.

A correspondent at Meran, in the Austrian Tyrol, writes as follows of this beneficent Prince: "A well-known and much-loved guest in Meran is the Prince Carl Theodor of Bavaria, the great oculist, who devotes his whole time to his profession, for the love of it and mankind. He comes here every year for six or eight weeks toward spring with his family. How many look forward to his visit with pleasure, especially the poor, who cannot afford to consult a doctor, or pay for an operation if it is necessary. On the days when the Prince has his office hours one sees a crowd of people from all classes, rich and poor, waiting outside the house which has been converted into an office for him. As it is very small, consisting of two rooms, only a few people can be admitted at once. The Prince has a young physician to assist him, to whom one can give a fee if he chooses; at first not even this was allowed; but out of consideration to other doctors, the change was made. The Prince's wife is his constant companion. She is with him when he receives his patients, and when he performs an operation, notwithstanding these are generally made early in the morning in the hospital. She stands ready to help in any way she can. 'I have seen her,' said a poor woman to me, 'spring upon a chair and hold the curtain back when the Prince called for more light. She will do anything she can to aid the operation. Isn't it wonderful she has the heart to do it?' The Princess looks very young. She is slight, with a round girlish face, and always very simply dressed. When I saw her last spring she wore a dark blue flannel suit, with a sailor hat. The Prince looks young at a distance, as he is slight, and has a head of light brown, very curly hair; but upon closer observation one sees that his face is full of fine wrinkles, and that he has a care-worn expression. He dresses plainly in black, and always, when I have seen him, without gloves. They generally walk out together, and saunter along apparently indifferent to all that is passing around them. At Tegern See, where they spend their summers, the Prince has a hospital; there his patients are attended free of expense. News was received here lately of the birth of another prince, making five children that Carl Theodor has by his present wife, and one from his first marriage. Every year the town of Meran expresses its thanks to the kind Prince by some kind of a celebration. Last spring there was a grand illumination. All around in the mountains which encircle Meran were set pieces with the name Carl Theodor, a crown, or some suitable device. The well-to-do peasants combined with the town authorities to do their best. Fires and lights were placed clear up on the mountain-sides, and they were all ablaze with light. Bands of music played in the parks and on the promenades, and the whole town was on the streets."



PRINCE AND PRINCESS CARL THEODOR OF BAVARIA.

GOOD MANNERS FOR BOYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DON'T."

Some boys think it effeminate and affected to be polite and considerate for others.

Now everybody likes heartiness in a boy; but is it not possible for a boy to be open and hearty and manly and have well-bred manners also? I, for one, do not see why it is not. In fact, some of the most agreeable boys I have ever met had very good manners indeed, but they were just as manly, just as full of spirits, just as fond of sport, just as genuine boys, as many of their companions who were not nearly so well-bred.

Let me ask if a boy is any more a manly boy because he crams his mouth full when he is eating? Is he likely to play a better hand at base ball because he sits at dinner with his elbows on the table?

But what are good manners? All of us know something as to what they are.

We all know and practise some of the rules of good breeding. The most of us are not as bad as we might be—there is some comfort in that. I have seen boys jostle people on the sidewalk very rudely, but I have never seen a boy so rude that he would intentionally run against an infirm old lady.

We must make our good manners our second nature; and they will become anybody's second nature, if one will take care to practise them. Let one observe all the rules carefully for a time, and by-and-by one will observe the rules without stopping to think about them. In fact, it will become just as easy to be polite as to play or work. There are a good many rules of good manners, what one must not do, and what one must do, but it seems to me that the most important of all the rules is to be kind-hearted. The boy who does kindly things may make a few mistakes in little matters, but everybody will like and respect him.

The kind-hearted boy who picks up a hat that an old gentleman has dropped, has done a polite thing, as well as a kind-hearted thing. And the boy who takes the trouble to show a lady the right way to go, has also done a polite as well as a kind-hearted thing.

But a boy may have a kind heart and the best intentions in the world, and yet forget to do some things that he ought to do, or do things that he ought not to do. He may, for instance, have a kind heart, and forget to take off his hat to ladies; or he may have a kind heart, and not know that he should not whistle in the presence of his elders, or drum on a seat or the wall, or beat with his feet on the floor, or make noises of any kind when other people are by.

There are some very pleasant observances that one should never forget, and which are an essential part of good manners. Don't forget every morning to salute all the members of the family with "good-morning," and at night upon retiring with "good-night." Good-night and good-morning are very pleasant things to hear, and young people should never omit them.

When you enter your school-room, say "good-morning" to the teacher, and "good-evening" when you leave in the afternoon.

Never burst boisterously into a room under any circumstances. Enter quietly, and if there is company there, salute them with a polite bow, and a "good-day," or "good-morning." You need not shake hands with the visitors, unless they first offer to do so.

Never interrupt people when they are talking. It is not right for young people to force themselves into a conversation going on between older people. Respond promptly to any question that may be asked, and if you happen to know anything about a subject under discussion, you may say, "Pardon me," or "excuse me, Mr. Brown (or whatever the name may be), but"—and go on to say what you have to say, if there is willingness shown to listen to you.

Don't lounge. Stretching one's self on the sofa, or lolling on the chairs is very bad breeding. Never sit with your chair tipped back. This is very vulgar.

Don't be fidgety. Don't when in company play with the curtains, or the tassels, or with anything else. Don't twirl a chair, or play with the door, or keep up a continued restlessness. One necessary thing in good manners is to be quiet and self-restrained when in the presence of other people.

Don't shout every time you want to speak, whether indoors or out. Some boys fairly shout at play-fellows who are only a few feet off, and who could hear without difficulty everything spoken in an ordinary voice.

Never fail in the school-room to be respectful to the master, kind to the small boys, and diligent in your studies. Don't worry your school-fellows with tricks. Study hard when you are studying; play hard when you are playing. Be always open, cordial, honest, manly; never do a mean thing or a sneaking thing.

There is no place where bad manners are so disagreeable as at the table, and hence society has agreed upon a number of rules that must be observed in order to make meal-times as sociable and agreeable as possible. Let us see what these rules are.

In the first place, don't take your seat at table before the others do. Ladies should always be allowed to take their seats first; and boys should wait until the rest are seated, or preparing to seat themselves.

Don't, when you are seated, begin to drum on the table, or make disturbances of any kind. Don't begin to handle your knife or fork, or to play with the goblets, or with any article. Don't touch anything until you have occasion to use it.

Don't be greedily anxious for your time to come to be served. The ladies must be served first, and then every one else, older than you are. The youngest must come last, but girls should always be served before boys. All through life you must always give the female sex the preference to your own. This is a social privilege granted to them throughout the civilized world.

If you have soup, don't drop your head down to the dish in order to reach it, and don't make a disagreeable gurgling when you are eating it. You must learn to eat soup quietly and neatly. You can do so if you try.

When you get your plate of meat, don't plunge into it as if you never saw food before, and as if you were afraid somebody would run off with it. There is almost always plenty of time for one's meals. Remember that haste is not good manners. Eat slowly and noiselessly. Take small mouthfuls, and masticate well.

When cutting your meat don't thrust your elbows out. Keep them close to your side. If every one at the table were to thrust his elbows into the sides of his neighbor, how uncomfortable it would be to sit at the table! Be sure never to discommode any one; this is a good rule to observe at all times, and a l places.

Of course you will not eat with your knife. People in old times, when the two-tined fork was in general use, ate with their knives, but it is now considered vulgar to do so. Take up your meat and vegetables with your fork always; and don't take up too much at a time. There is no need of ever overcrowding your fork, or of packing your mouth full of food, and it shows great want of good taste and good manners to do so.

When you want anything, do not stretch across your neighbor's plate in order to reach it. Politely ask for it, either of the servant, or of one near it. Do not put your knife into the butter, or the salt-cellar, or into any dish. When you have occasion to drink, do not turn your goblet or cup upside down, and pour its contents into your mouth.

Learn to drink neatly, a little at a time, and be sure not to gurgle when you drink.

These are some of the rules of good manners at table, and no doubt you have heard them often before. Have you remembered to observe them? If not, begin to practise them, and study to eat in a neat, quiet and agreeable manner.

In addition to all these things, I must urge you to be neat in all matters about your person. Keep your hands and your finger-nails clean. Let your morning ablutions be thorough. Cleanse your teeth, wash out your ears; be nice in everything. Everybody delights to see a fresh, cleanly, well-mannered boy. Why should not all boys be cleanly, fresh-looking and well-mannered?—*O. D. Bunce in Youth's Companion.*

ABOUT FLIES.

Some one has observed how little we know about our intimate friends; even those living under the same roof. The same remark will in a degree apply to that ever-present household companion, the house-fly. Wherever civilization penetrates, there go the honey-bee and the house-fly, twin adjuncts of the higher culture. And yet how little is known of the life-history of the fly; where its eggs are placed, where its young live, upon what they live, how they become flies, and how long they remain with us.

If we examine one of them, it will be seen that the fly has six legs, composed of a number of segments or joints freely movable upon each other; the toe or tarsal joints are five in number. To the last joint are attached two hooked claws, and if anyone will examine the fly's foot with the microscope he will detect between the claws a little cushion which is deeply cleft into two parts or flaps. The under sides of the flaps have very numerous peculiar hairs, which are bulbous at the end, and are called "tenent-hairs." These hairs are hollow, and secrete a sticky fluid. Each tenent hair is bent near the end, beyond which bend, says Tuffen West "is an elastic membranous expansion, capable of close contact with a highly polished surface, from which a very minute quantity of a clear, transparent fluid is emitted when the fly is actively moving.

Mr. West also adds, that when a fly is not making use of its cushions, as on a surface sufficiently rough to afford it foot-hold with its claws alone, these only are made use of.

As early as 1667 Hooke noticed the importance of the grasp gained by the claws when drawing against the strong, forward-pointing hairs situated on the base of each tarsal joint, whenever any projections or a yielding surface are afforded by the object on which the fly is walking. Hooke also believed in the existence of a "smoky substance on glass."

This, says West, has been considered a mistake, "and yet it is certain that glass very frequently undergoes a slow decomposition on its surface in a moist atmosphere, from the excess of alkali in its composition. Such a change is speedily produced in glass exposed to the action of the weather, as in our window-panes, and conveys the appearance as if a 'smoky substance' were condensed upon it.

"It has been proved by most careful observations, which may be readily verified by any one desirous of getting at the truth, that this tarnish does very materially assist a fly when in a weak state in maintaining its hold, and in freely moving upon the glass. To keep our windows clear for the admission of light, it requires to be constantly removed."

Opticians call a similar deposition of moisture the "sweating of glass."

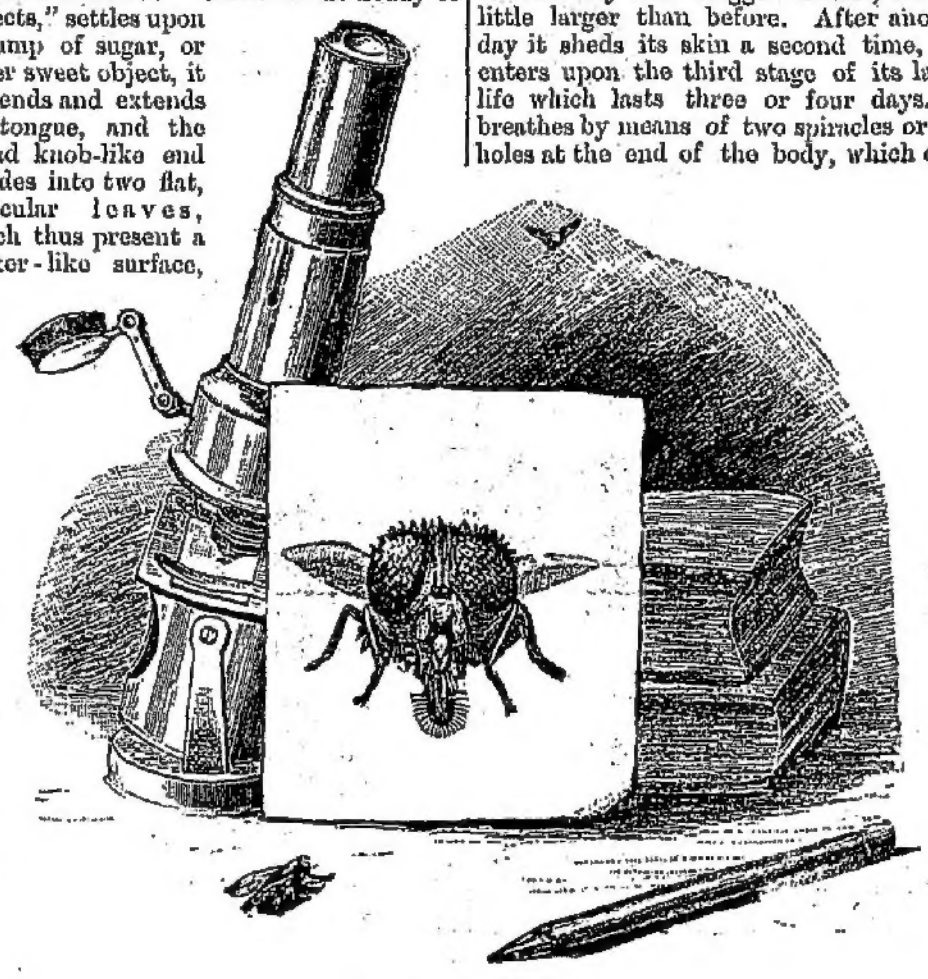
West further describes the way in which the actual movements of the fly's foot are made. The cushions are set down on a smooth surface, perpendicular or horizontal, and the numberless tenent hairs applied to such surface: "a slight push forward of these, succeeded by a gentle draw backwards, at each application, removes the air between their soft, elastic expansions and their plane of motion, and thus a firm hold is gained. Access of air is prevented by the minute quantity of moisture which exudes from the expanded tips of the tenent appendages; and thus a vacuum is formed, on the same principle as in the 'atmospheric hat-peg,' the 'plate-holder' of the photographer, or the 'artificial gums' of the dentist. When the fly wishes to move a leg from its place of attachment, the claws are brought down and pressed against the surface; from their position they raise the hinder part of the pulvillus [cushion], where the tenent hairs are least developed, first, and so on forwards. If the claws were attached to the fifth joint, as it has been supposed, they could not act equally well in the way I have mentioned; and I think a fly when once stuck fast, if it had no claws, might remain so."

It should be noticed, as any one may do, that the fly, like all insects, moves the legs of each pair alternately in walking. After all, the pressure of the atmosphere is the main agent by which a fly is able to adhere to perfectly smooth surfaces. Flies are distinguished from most other insects by having but a single pair of wings; what corresponds to the second or hinder pair in other insects, being a pair of knob-like "balancers." The flight of the house-fly is most rapid in warm, sultry weather. We all know how busy and pertinacious their movements are in dog-day weather.

It has been found that a common fly when held captive moves its wings three hundred and thirty times a minute, whereas a honey-bee, whose powers of continued flight are much greater, moves its wings one hundred and ninety times in the same period. The wings describe a figure 8 in the air.

The buzz of the fly has been carefully studied by Landois. During flight the fly's buzz or hum is in a relatively low tone; when it is held so that the wings cannot move the buzz is higher in pitch, and it is higher still when the fly is held so that all motion of the external parts is prevented. The last mentioned is the true voice of the insect; it is produced by the breathing holes of the thorax. The buzz of the fly thus expresses the emotions of the creature; the low hum being one of contentment, the shrill excited buzz, one of alarm and disturbance.

When a fly alights upon our hand or face on a hot day it is for the purpose of lapping the perspiration from the skin. How this is done is a curious study. When the fly, to quote from our "Guide to the Study of Insects," settles upon a lump of sugar, or other sweet object, it unbends and extends its tongue, and the broad knob-like end divides into two flat, muscular leaves, which thus present a sucker-like surface, with which the fly laps up liquid sweets. These two leaves are supported upon a framework of chitinous rods, which act as a set of springs to open and shut the muscular leaves. The inside of this broad fleshy expansion is rough like a rasp, and as Newport states, is easily employed by the insect in scraping or tearing delicate surfaces. It is by means of this curious structure that the busy house-fly occasions much mischief to the covers of our books, by scraping off the albuminous polish, and leaving traces of its depredations in the soiled and spotted appearance which it occasions on them.



A FLY'S HEAD.

The structure of the fly's tongue, and of the whole apparatus for taking its food, has engaged the attention in late years of some of our best anatomists of insects. Its structure is so complicated and difficult to understand, and labored anatomical descriptions are so dry, that we will not here describe it, but content ourselves with referring the reader for an excellent description of the fly's proboscis to Prof. Macloskie's article in the *American Naturalist* for March, 1880. Suffice it to say that the fly has not, as have beetles and grasshoppers, free jaws and accessory jaws for biting and tearing the food, but all the mouth-parts of other insects are represented by the fly's proboscis; the larger part of which is formed by the under lip; the enlarged and variously modified fleshy extremity of which forms a sucking organ. What little food is taken by the fly is fluid; sweet fluids are its favorite diet.

But whence come the swarm of midsummer flies, and how do they keep increasing through August? What becomes of them in the winter? How long do they live, and what of the manner of life of their young? Are the small flies the children of the larger ones?

So little was known about the early history of the house-fly that we once endeavored, and with fair success, to study its transformations. During August the house-fly is particularly abundant, and especially so in and about stables. On placing a fly in a bottle, she laid between six, p.m., August 12, and eight o'clock the next morning, one hundred and twenty eggs. They were deposited irregularly in stacks, lying loose in two piles at the bottom of the bottle. The next day several maggots, as the larvæ are called, were observed crawling about in the bottom of the bottle. Afterwards by placing a mass of offal in the sun, the flies came and laid their little white slender eggs, which hatched out, so that thousands of writhing maggots abounded in the mass. It was found that the young maggots hatched in twenty-four hours after the eggs were laid. At first they are but little larger than the eggs. After remaining in the first stage for one day the maggot moults, being a little larger than before. After another day it sheds its skin a second time, and enters upon the third stage of its larval life which lasts three or four days. It breathes by means of two spiracles or air-holes at the end of the body, which communicate with the air tubes in the body. There is also a spiracle near the head.

When about to transform into the pupa or chrysalis state, the body contracts into a barrel-shaped case, and turns brown and hard. This case is called the puparium, and within it the maggot becomes a pupa or chrysalis.

The house-fly, having as a maggot live a squalid existence, after a pupal sleep of from five to seven days, pushes off one end of its pupal case, and on emerging from the case, immediately runs about, though its wings are still small, soft and baggy, much as in the pupa. Soon, however, the skin becomes dry and hard; the fluid in the wings dries, and in a few moments the fly takes flight.

If in its winged state the fly is one of the most disagreeable features of dog-days, and people wonder why flies were ever made at all, it should be remembered that flies have an infancy as maggots, and the loathsome life they then lead as scavengers cleanses and purifies the August air, and aids in lowering the death rate of our cities and towns.

While most house-flies die on approach of winter, multitudes being attacked by a white fungus, their swollen dead bodies remaining on the wall or windows in October, a few live through the winter. While writing this article on the first warm day in spring, a few flies have for the first time made their appearance in our study. These will lay their eggs about stables in the late spring, and thus give rise to a swarm of maggots and August flies.—*A. S. Packard, Jr., in Youth's Companion*

CATS.

Margaret Maria Gordon, writing from Nice to the "Home Chronicle," says: "My father, Sir David Brewster, had a strong dislike to cats; he said that he felt something like an electric shock when one entered the room. Living in an old mouse-ridden house, I was at last obliged to set up a cat, but on the express condition that it never was to be seen in his study. I was sitting with him one day, and the study door was ajar. To my dismay pussy pushed it open, and, with a most assured air, walked right up to the philosopher, jumped upon his knee, put a paw on one shoulder and a paw on the other, and then composedly kissed him! Utterly thunderstruck at the creature's audacity, my father ended by being so delighted that he quite forgot to have an electric shock. He took pussy into his closest affections, feeding and tending her as if she were a child. One morning, some years afterwards, no pussy appeared at breakfast for cream and fish; no pussy at dinner, and in fact, months passed on and still no pussy. We could hear nothing of our pet, and we were both inconsolable. About two years after I was again sitting with my father, when, strange to say, exactly the same set of circumstances happened. The door was pushed gently open, pussy trotted in, jumped on his knee, put a paw on each shoulder, and kissed him. She was neither hungry, thirsty, dusty, nor footsore, and we never heard anything of her intervening history. She resumed her place as household pet for some years, till she got into a diseased state from partaking too freely, it was supposed, of the delicacy of rat-flesh, and in mercy she was obliged to be shot. We both suffered so from this second loss that we never had another domestic pet."

A NOTABLE BONFIRE.

This was seen in the streets of Ephesus, when bad books were voluntarily brought by their owners and burnt before all men. Thus should all pernicious literature be treated. It is flooding our country. Like the frogs of Egypt, it is "brought forth abundantly, and goes into the house and bedchamber and bed," and is read by servants, and masters, and mistresses, young and old. It is a plague that infests every place and everyone. Like the author of all evil, it wanders "to and fro on the earth and walks up and down in it," and is always seeking whom it may devour. It is insidious, hypocritical, plausible, and always destructive to body, mind, and soul. Its antidote is the Gospel, and all good books breathing the Spirit, inculcating the principles and teaching the lessons of the Gospel's author. The literature which he approves should be the only literature sanctioned, patronized, and read by the friends of Jesus and of humanity. All corrupt books, and books of even doubtful tendency, should be brought to the funeral pile, the places where they occupied fumigated, and the way left open for the entrance and the occupancy of the literature that will enlighten, purify, and bless. —*Selected.*

AN OLD SONG ANALYZED.—You all know the old "Sing a Song of Sixpence," but have you ever read what it is meant for? The four-and-twenty blackbirds represent the twenty-four hours. The bottom of the pie is the world, while the top crust is the sky that over arches it. The opening of the pie is the day-dawn, when the birds begin to sing, and surely such a sight is "a dainty dish to set before the king." The king, who is represented as sitting in his parlor counting out his money, is the sun, while the gold pieces that slip through his fingers as he counts them are golden sunshine. The Queen, who sits in the dark kitchen, is the moon, and the honey with which she regales herself is the moonlight. The industrious maid, who is in the garden at work before the king—the sun—has risen, the day dawn; the clothes she hangs out are the clouds, while the bird which so tragically ends the song by "nipping off her nose" is the hour of sunset. So we have the whole day, if not in a nutshell, in a pie.—*Anon.*

THE HORSE THAT WORE SPECTACLES.

"Say, boys," said Tom Phelps at recess one Friday, "what do you think we've got in our barn? You never could guess!"

Then the guessing began, and a great many queer things were thought of, but none were right, and finally they had to give it up.

"Well," said Tom, laughing, "of course you couldn't guess it, for you never heard of such a thing. It's a horse that wears spectacles!"

"Oh!" said all the boys who had gathered around Tom, "it's mean to fool us that way. Didn't think you were joking," and they were turning away to their games when he called them back.

"But I'm not joking. You know our horse Prince?"

"Yes!" came from a dozen boys at once. Didn't they know him? Hadn't they ridden behind him, filling Mr. Phelps' waggon running-over full if ever he chanced to drive along just as school was let out, a hundred times? And hadn't they ridden on his back in the pasture three or four in a row, and tumbled off three or four in a heap, and petted him and given him apples or sugar whenever they saw him? Every boy in Manlius knew Prince, and to know Prince was to love him, for a more intelligent, kind and gentle horse never lived.

"What about Prince?" said several, in a breath.

"Why, papa thought he was getting blind. He has always acted as if he couldn't see just right, and so the other day papa took him to a—what do you call it?" said Tom, trying to think of the big word he wanted.

"Was it an oculist?" said a voice.

"Yes, sir," answered Tom, for it was the teacher, Mr. Bragdon, who spoke. He had joined the group, and was listening with interest to the news about Prince.

The man looked at Prince's eyes just as he would look at anybody's, and found he was near-sighted, the way some people are. Then he wrote out something to tell how to make spectacles for Prince. Papa had them made and put on a bridle, and Prince wore them yesterday."

"How did he act, Tom, the first time the spectacles were put on?" asked Mr. Bragdon.

"He acted at first as if he was sort of frightened, but it didn't take him long to get used to it, and now we think he likes them."

"Well, that is wonderful!" said Mr. Bragdon, as he turned to go into the school-room; and before recess was over half the boys had agreed to go to Tom's the next morning to see how Prince looked in his spectacles. Mr. Bragdon was invited, too, for all the boys liked him and thought they always had a better time when he was with them.

Bright and early Saturday morning a troop of jolly boys called for the "teacher," and were tramping gaily up the carriage-road to the Phelps farm-house, when whom should they see but Tom and his father, in the big waggon, driving Prince right toward them. How funny Prince looked with his great goggles, and how the boys laughed! It seemed as if Prince tried to laugh too, for he shook his mane and opened his month in such a funny way.

"He looks like a professor," said one.

"Or an owl," said another.

"Doesn't he look wise?" said a third.

"Why shouldn't he? He knows more than any of us," retorted one of Prince's most ardent admirers; and so the talk went on until Mr. Phelps ordered the visitors to "pile in" and go for a ride. They needed no urging, and their gay laughter, as they went through the quiet town, brought more than one staid body to the window to see what the matter was. No doubt more than one turned away with a sigh to say, "It's only Dea. Phelps and that parcel of boys he's so fond of carting around with him."

When the ride was over Mr. Phelps said: "Now, I'm going to turn Prince out to pasture. Yesterday he acted kind of queer and sorrowful when I took the bridle off. I wish you would watch him to-day, Mr. Bragdon, and see what you think is the matter."

So they all waited and watched eagerly to see what Prince would do, and the boys who were used to his playful ways were astonished to see him walk slowly part-way across the barn with his head down, and then stand still like a person who is blindfolded, and does not know where to go next.

"I believe he's crying," said little Jack White, in an awed whisper, and I think the boys would not have been astonished to see real tears drop from his eyes.

"Go on, Prince," said Mr. Phelps, kindly; but he did not stir until taken by the nose and led out-of-doors. Then he walked slowly down the path toward the meadow, the whole group watching him in silence.

"He seems to miss the spectacles," said Mr. Bragdon, after a moment.

"Yes," replied Mr. Phelps, "that's just the way it seems to me."

"Look at him now!" cried the boys. "He is coming back!" and, sure enough, Prince had turned and was on his way back to the barn. Slowly he came, went straight by the boys, never stopping for sugar or caress, to the barn door, which had been closed, and there he stood, whinnying softly.

"He's asking for those spectacles, papa," said Tom, eagerly. "Do put them on."

"Yes," said Mr. Bragdon, "Why not see what he will do?"

So the bridle was put on, bit and all, but Prince did not seem to mind the bit. Just as soon as the spectacles were on and fastened, he rubbed his nose lovingly against Mr. Phelps's arm, as if to say "thank you," and then kicked up his heels and pranced away down to the meadow in the happiest manner.

"Well, I declare," exclaimed Mr. Bragdon, "that was what he wanted;" and he and Mr. Phelps talked it all over while the boys ran away to the meadow to have a romp with their friend.

This is a true story. The horse who wears spectacles is now living, and I'm sure you will all join with me in hoping that he may live to wear them many years. — *Christian Advocate.*

CRADLE SONG.

"Sleep, my baby, sleep!
The wolf will grasp the sheep,
Its soft skin to divide,
And rend its snowy side;
Sleep, my baby, sleep!

"The hunter seeks the wood,
There in the solitude,
The fatal shaft is sped,
And the fierce beast is dead!
Sleep, my baby, sleep!

"The vale and mountain's breast,
Are soft with silent rest;
And to the old oak tree,
The dreamy shadows flee,
Sleep, my baby, sleep!

"Lovely spirits there,
In their robes of air,
Weave, in hues of night,
Visions of delight!
Sleep, my baby, sleep!

"They bring, too, from the wild,
Robes for the harmless child;
They will fold them on my boy,
And chant him songs of joy!
Sleep, my baby, sleep!

"They only come in sleep,
When rest is calm in deep,
Then their bright presence gleams;
They talk to thee in dreams!
Sleep, my baby, sleep!

"See! his brow is bright,
With spirits of the night:
That smile upon his face
Is from their embrace!
Sleep, my baby, sleep!

—*Selected.*

CAN'T AND TRY.

Can't-do-it sticks in the mud; but try soon drags the waggon out of the rut. The fox said, "Try," and he got away from the hounds when they almost snapped at him. The bees said, "Try," and turned flowers into honey. The squirrel said, "Try," and he went to the top of the beech tree. The snow-drop said, "Try," and bloomed in the cold snows of winter. The sun said, "Try," and spring soon threw Jack Frost out of the saddle. The young lark said, "Try," and he found that his new wings took him over hedges and ditches and up where his father was singing. The ox said "Try," and ploughed the field from end to end. No hill too steep for Try to climb, no clay too stiff for Try to plough, no field too wet for Try to drain, no hole too big for Try to mend.—*Ex.*

ARABIC PROVERB.

Men are four;
He who knows not, and knows not he knows not.
He is a fool; shun him,
He who knows not, and knows he knows not.
He is simple; teach him.
He who knows, and knows not he knows,
He is asleep; waken him.
He who knows, and knows he knows
He is wise, follow him.

THERE is a slowness in affairs which ripens them, and a slowness which rots them.—*Joseph Roux.*

THE TEA-PARTY.

BY M. E. SANGSTER.

With acorn cups and saucers,
And freshly-culled plates,
A paper for a table-cloth,
And bits of stone for weights,
Because the wind in frolic
Might blow it all away,
We children had a company
In Cedar Woods to-day.

We had a loaf of gingerbread
From Grandma's best receipt,
The very nicest kind of cake
For hungry boys to eat.
We had Aunt Sarah's cookies,
And biscuits made with yeast,
And sandwiches, of course, beside—
A really royal feast.

We'd asked our cousin Lucy,
And Doctor Perkins' Fred,
And pretty Lottie Sanderson,
And merry Jack and Ned,
But stilling by her window,
As dull as dull could be,
We saw, as to the woods we went,
That fretful May McGee.

"Poor little lonesome cripple,
No wonder she is cross;
We all of us might be the same,"
So pleaded darling Floss.
And as we looked and listened,
We thought about a way
To make a sort of litter
And carry little May.

You should have seen her wonder,
You should have heard her laugh!
We had a splendid time with May,
A better time by half
Than if we'd left her pining
A prisoner by herself,
As lonely as a single cup
Upon the kitchen shelf.

And since we've thought about it,
We mean to have a care,
And always in our pleasant things
Let some forlorn one share;
And thus, our mother tells us,
We'll keep the Golden Rule,
And send the happy times along,
At home, at play, in school.

—Congregationalist.

MAKING FRIENDS WITH CANNIBALS.

BY REV. E. B. SAVAGE, NEW GUINEA.

No doubt most of your readers know that there are tribes in New Guinea which have never yet come under the influence of civilization, and to whom the white man is unknown. The first meeting with one of these tribes is a most interesting and thrilling experience. Such an experience has just fallen to my lot, and it may interest some to hear a few details respecting it.

A little to the south-west of the Fly River, and just outside the Papuan Gulf, are three islands—Saibai, Dauan (or Tauan), and Boigu. Opposite to Boigu on the mainland is the Maiuessa River. Somewhere about this district there exists a tribe of New Guineans known as the Tugeri men, whose precise locality is as yet a mystery. Even the natives of these near islands know nothing of their whereabouts; whether they have any fixed habitation, or are simply wanderers from place to place. The latter is perhaps the more probable.

How, then, you ask, are they known at all? Only from one fact, viz., that they make periodic and predatory attacks upon these islands, and even upon villages on the mainland. They are essentially New Guinea warriors, and their name is a terror wherever it is known. Not long ago they came down upon the people of Boigu, killing all who had not escaped into the bush or to some other island, and carrying off all they could lay hands on, both food and household effects. Only last year, I believe, they made a raid upon Saibai, but for the first time were defeated, owing to the Saibaians having firearms. Directly the north-west season sets in, the natives of these islands, especially those of Boigu, begin to live in mortal fear. It is only during this season, from November to March of the next year, that the Tugeri men venture outside the bush. This year I have been fortunate enough to meet them, and, what is better, to make friends with them.

We were on our way to the Fly River, and sailed at Saibai, where we have a prosperous mission station. At Boigu is another mission station which I was desirous of visiting. I went in the Government cutter, accompanied by the two Saibaian chiefs and the native crew of the cutter. The day before, news had come from Dauan that fires were seen on the mainland, by which all knew at once that the Tugeri men were there, doubtless making their way to Saibai. On Friday, as we proceeded to Boigu, we observed the fire nearer than on the previous day, and forthwith concluded they were come for the purpose of attacking the Saibaians and paying off the old score. So we turned our cutter round, making again for Saibai. I wished to go near to find out, if possible, if their intentions were friendly or otherwise, but could not prevail upon the Saibaians to accede to this request. They were afraid, because we were only a small party with one boat; they said, "If they come upon us, what shall we do?"

We reached Saibai shortly after sunset. It was decided that some should watch during the night, and that all should prepare to go on the morrow to meet their foes, to come to terms of peace, if possible, otherwise to prevent them from landing at Saibai. Nothing was seen of them that night. Next morning a number of canoes went to spy out their encampment, and to see if they had come any nearer during the night. We waited anxiously for their return, and it was not till between ten and eleven at night that we heard the shouts of the returning party. The news was far better than we expected. They had seen some of the Tugeri men, had made signs of peace, and, to their surprise, were received with a show of friendship. The little band had gone ashore amidst this fierce force of cannibals who had a short time before declared that they would be revenged for their past misadventure by taking the heads of the two Saibaian chiefs with that of their teacher.

This threat was, however, not carried out, for they came away without a mishap. Presents were given on both sides. The Saibai men gave what they possessed, whilst they received in return the various adornments of these savage people. I had told them to hoist the banner of peace, and by no means to show signs of war. They came back rejoicing, many of them praising God for preserving their lives and putting kindness into the hearts of their former and much-dreaded foes.

We had a long talk till nearly midnight, and I suggested we should take advantage of this friendly feeling by going next day (Sunday) to pay them another visit, and to worship God in their presence. They were rejoiced at this proposal, and expressed the greatest willingness to spend the Sunday in this way. The Tugeri men had asked them to come again on the morrow. Some of the Saibaians thought they wanted to allure them into the bush and then kill them; nor would they venture forth without all the guns and tomahawks they could muster.

When we reached their rendezvous, we could see nothing of the Tugeri men. Some of our men went cautiously ashore, and shouted, as only these natives can shout. Presently an answering shout was heard which told us they were near. The men came back to the canoes, and we all waited close to the shore to receive them. They came rushing out of the bush to the water's edge, in all, I should think, about five hundred. A fierce looking lot of men I have never seen, even in New Guinea. As they came, they shouted as with one voice, "Kaia, Kaia," although what "Kaia" meant was not at all clear to us.

Soon, however, we discovered it to be a word expressive of friendship, which was followed by a slapping of the stomach and sides. They had left their bows and arrows in the canoes at a distance, and came without a single weapon—always a sign of amity.

For over ten minutes not a man of them would come near, when they saw the guns, &c., of the Saibaians. They showed the greatest signs of fear, and it was not till I told every man to leave those weapons in the canoes that their fears subsided. Then they came near, most cautiously at first, but afterwards with less trepidation, and soon we were completely surrounded by them, shaking hands, exchanging presents, and endeavoring to show them that our mission was one of peace, and the bringing of glad tidings to the needy and sinful.

It was amusing to watch them as they first caught sight of me, a white man, probably the first they had ever seen. They were as much afraid of me as of the guns, hatchets, &c., of the Saibaians. It was in vain that I held out something calculated to tempt them near. They stood at a safe distance, not daring to come into close proximity, whilst the greatest alarm was depicted upon their faces. After more than a quarter of an hour's coaxing, one plucked up courage enough to try the experiment of taking a piece of calico. He would come a little way, then stand perfectly still and look, as if to say, "Shall I, or shall I not?" At last he came near enough to snatch the piece of calico which I offered, and retreated as fast as his legs would carry him. This gave courage to others, and one after another came, till they no longer thought of running away, but were delighted to shake hands and receive presents, the like of which they had never seen before. We remained with them till nearly sunset, when I bade them return to their own district, and give up the bad practice of fighting. They drew up their many canoes in a line, and, standing in the water, they struck up their war song, giving us to understand that that was how they sang when their foes were slain, but that we were now their friends. Then away they went, continually pointing in the direction of the Maiuessa River, as much as to say, "We are going home."

Who will venture to say that this was not a good day's work? Simply to have made friends of any such tribe in New Guinea is something for which to bless God with all our heart and soul. Let me ask everyone who reads this simple story of missionary work in New Guinea to pray that God may send out his light and his truth that shall lead these benighted souls into life and liberty.—*L. M. S. Chronicle.*

THE MAN in whom any earthly hope dims the heavenly presence, and weakens the mastery of himself, is on the by-way through the meadow to the castle of Giant Despair.

Question Corner.—No. 13.

PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

41. What relation was Esther to Mordecai?
42. Who was the last king of Judah and what was his fate?

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